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IMPORT AND VALUE OF THE POPULAR LECTURING
OF THE DAY.

A DISCOURSE

PRONOUNCED

BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

AUGUST 3, 1842.

BY CALVIN PEASE.

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DISCOURSE.

I must acknowledge, that on a certain point, I have been hitherto resting in a mistake. And the prospect of appearing before you, as I do to-day, has most deeply convinced me of it. I had believed, that the expression of peculiar emotion, in which a speaker is wont to indulge, on occasions like this, was but a preliminary flourish; a kind of prelude,—if I may use the figure,—serving both to conciliate the “the attention and good-will” of the audience, and to lubricate the finger-joints of the performer. But, I stand corrected. A host of old remembrances throng in upon me, exciting an unknown conflict of emotions—of humility, and gratitude, and pride, and brotherly sympathy. For, it was but yesterday that I was on this stage as one of you. I cannot help regarding myself so still. And so I would be regarded. I am grateful and proud that I have not been forgotten,—that I have been invited to come up here and celebrate with you this literary festival. I love to be remembered by any body; especially by you, who are here conversing with what I was wont reverently to converse; in mysterious communion with those same spirits which breathed into me hope and courage. And I love to indulge the fancy, which, indeed, I cannot hinder, that I

am again, as I used to be, *in* the world, but not *of* the world—looking out upon its strife and its manifold phenomena, sometimes with longing, sometimes with dread—always with wonder.

It is to one of the newest and strangest of these phenomena, which you have doubtless looked out upon, not without interest, that I wish now to call your attention. It is that foaming vortex of ‘lecturing’ *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*, in which the whole land is whirling—when, and in what, to rest is a problem to which different solutions are given, according to the varying interpretations of the phenomenon itself.

These interpretations, indeed, vary between the widest extremes. On the one side, is heard the exulting shout of those who whirl unresistingly in the vortex: “Does not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice;”* behold the ‘progress of the species’ and the ‘march of mind’! and on the other side, the contemptuous murmur of those who will be overwhelmed, rather than gyrate, against their will, they know not whither: ‘What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?’†

I shall endeavor to contribute something towards the solution of this problem. I know, indeed, that the phenomena which present themselves in the current of human affairs, are regarded, for the most part, as the bubbles which appear on the surface of a stream—evanescent and unimportant: the stream rolls on, and, with all our revolutions and reforms, bears us steadily along with it, towards the infinite sea. But, bubbles as they are, they furnish to each successive generation the argument of its

* Prov. viii: 1.

† 1 Sam. xv: 14.

peculiar hopes and fears; its sources of prophecy; the determinants and almost the conditions of its endeavors. Like the witches in 'Macbeth,' they 'stop our way with prophetic greeting;'* and with 'hurly-burly' and 'bubbling caldron,' work out dark answers for eager questioners—but not, we hope, too dark for interpretation.

The witches' caldron is but too apt an emblem of the whirling, tossing hubbub of which I am to speak. But, I shall not attempt an account of all its magical ingredients. The political element—the whole matter of 'Social Compact,' 'Rights of Man,' and 'Rights of Woman,' I shall leave untouched, and inquire, only, concerning our literary condition and prospects.

The responses to such inquiry, I am persuaded, will be found clear and full; all that can be wanting is the Seer,

“————— to look into the seeds of Time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not.”*

To us, who are no prophets, it is sadly true, the curtain of mystery hangs around much that is before our eyes, and in our hands. The most we can claim for ourselves is, the assured belief that therein lies

“————— that truth we live to learn;”†

and the utmost of our hope, to be entitled to say, like Schiller on his death-bed, 'Many things are becoming clearer.'

I have specified as the theme of discourse, the manifold forms of lecturing on manifold subjects, which is

* Act I, Scene III. † Ibid.

‡ Schil. Pic., A. II, S. IV.

so prominent a feature of these times. This is not, however, because there are elements in it, which are not, also, in the general literature of the day. It is, indeed, only a different mode of presenting essentially the same thing. I shall, accordingly, refer to the one or the other, as convenience shall dictate; for, my object is to determine the import and value of the phenomenon in question, which can be done only in so far as it can be traced to its sources; and these are, doubtless, essentially the same for both.

It is very manifest, I think, that phenomena of this kind point, more or less directly, to a want of the Human Spirit, for which they offer themselves as a supply. This want, although it always exists, is not always felt; and, when felt, does not always well understand itself—indefinite, and neither eager nor clamorous. In these respects it is very unlike bodily wants. When we ask for bread, we will not receive a stone, unless to fling at him who mocks us with the offer. Hunger is definite, and knows what it would have, and is not to be pacified or put to silence unsupplied. It asks for food,—and will not be put by with pictures of it—descriptions and demonstrations of its properties and uses. Unfortunately, it is far otherwise with wants the deepest and most vital—with spiritual wants. These it is easy to put asleep by imaginary supplies, and silence their clamors by that which is not bread;—and yet, only for a time—not permanently, nor forever. The immortal soul still abides, still lives, and will continue, at times, to make report of itself—raising its cry, though feeble and almost inaudible, for supplies, and will not always be mocked.

-It is an important epoch for it, when it has found itself cheated by dreams and imaginations, and comes forth, with earnest and importunate demand for actual supply. For, it shall not be always unheeded. When it has become conscious of itself, and of its own wants, it seeks earnestly for knowledge and insight. It will know the truth of what it sees, and hears, and is. Light begins, little by little, to come in upon it, as if through crevices. A multitude of problems present themselves, which it must solve or get solved. Things, before unheeded, become wonders, mysteries. On every side they rise. Now, where is the Seer, the Prophet, the Teacher,—any body, that can keep to insight. For, insight it must have. It must find the truth. In that, alone, can it find rest. In these circumstances, whoever has any thing to say or do that will in any wise unravel these mysteries, or any of them, is welcome ; and will be listened to and heeded eagerly and reverently. For solution and settlement, or at least the appearance of it, is now indispensable. But the latter will suffice—for a time ; provided it be brief and immediate.

Indeed, with many—perhaps with the most—this want of the spirit is mostly *traditional*, and only dimly *felt*. It has been handed down from the fathers, that “for the soul to be without knowledge it is not good.”* And the Scribes and Pharisees and expounders of the Law give their sanction to the tradition ; and it is *therefore* undoubtingly, believed. But, traditional sources of supply will satisfy traditional wants. The ‘form of knowledge,’ without the spirit, will keep all quiet in such a soul.

* Prov. xix: 2.

Yet, a *form*, at least, must be had, for the want is not *wholly* traditional. It is sufficiently felt to give a strong bias in favor of the tradition.

And, not only so ; it is believed that this is *peculiarly* the age of knowledge—science—civilization. That which is, at all times, the interest and desire of men, becomes now their duty. Every man may, and, therefore, ought, to catch some glimpse of the light, in which all knowledge, human or inhuman, floats. Whoever, then, will promise to communicate, shall not want listeners, provided his terms be not too difficult and severe—provided he do not *so* communicate, as to shake the complacent belief, that there is something, in the age, peculiarly fitted to facilitate the acquisition of sound and sufficient knowledge. Knowledge must be poured out, without delay and without stint, that they may become *knowing* speedily, and feel themselves not altogether in the rear, in this ‘age of progress.’

Besides, *handicraft* has now become scientific. That slow work of the hands, whereby the industrious poor man earned his bread, is becoming superseded. Science has invented machines to do all that, in a twinkling. So that it is not the want of the soul alone, nor the reverence for old traditions, that asks for science ; but also the stomach itself and the palate. It becomes one of the organic wants. It is science or starvation. There is no alternative. If not science enough to make a machine ; at any rate, enough to use one, and become one. Essentially different as is this clamor of the stomach for science, from the hungering of the soul for Truth, the former is still mistaken for the latter. This mere irritability

of the coating of the stomach, does, really, pass itself off as the waking up of the Life of the Soul, and the sublime and pure aspirations of the spirit for high and ultimate truths, pure as itself. It persuades itself, that the knowledge of processes to procure with facility the *quantum sufficit* of meal and wool, is also the bread of Life for which the Soul hungered. There shall not lack avidity, therefore, to give heed to whosoever promises to give clue to such knowledge.

In these days, also, it is the *fashion* to be learned—to be scientific. Science is the theme in the bar-room, in the market, in the parlor. And, there is force in the homely proverb, “As well be out of the world as out of the fashion.” Indeed, be out of the fashion and you are out of the world. Consequently, as the coxcomb puts himself into the hands of the tailor to be moulded and fashioned as seemeth to him good, with the same alacrity and docility, and with no higher nor different aim, do men open their mouths to receive whatever word any itinerant, fashionable lecturer may, in his good wisdom, drop into it. This will they also utter, in all places, and in the presence of all men, thereby giving indubitable evidence, to all whom it may concern, and others, that they are of the *literati*; which, being interpreted according to the ‘philosophy of clothes,’ means *fops*. For to speak of science and literature is the fashion:

“Ay, fashion you may call it.” *

This, however, is nothing new, except in its extent. There has always been a coxcombry of science. The

* Hamlet, Act III, Scene III.

word *pedant* used to signify a literary fop, or a fop in literature; but the word is nearly obsolete now. It is not distinctive enough. It comprehends too much, and too many. For, there is amongst us a very numerous class, to whom the term pedant is not applied, (however deserved,) who yet seek learning mostly for the purpose of display. They feel a most absorbing desire to shine; to be distinguished amongst the crowd, and pointed out to strangers. By them, learning is sought for ornament, not for use; as a genteel accomplishment, not as the solid ground-work of character; as a pleasant amusement, not as life's grave business; as a holiday recreation, not as a stern, imperative, constant duty.

There being, thus, a two-fold demand for knowledge—one, sensual, and the other, spiritual; we shall find, that, in this case, the common rule of production will hold good, viz: that the supply is proportionate to the demand; and as the one call, or the other predominates, so the supply will be of the character adapted to the wants of the one or the other—will have the form of results, rules, processes; or of truths, laws, principles—the former being all that is necessary to meet the wants of the sense, and the latter being that which alone can satisfy the soul.

If the want of the stomach is more clamorous than that of the soul, it will be proportionately more fully supplied. It will have an advantage, moreover, in this, that the very supply of the stomach claims often to be also the supply of the soul; whilst those higher wants remain unsupplied; the voice, that feebly calls from within, is stifled; and man, made in the Image of God—immor-

tal—spiritual, becomes only the most perfect of animals; the highest specimen of organization; the most refined brute!

If, however, the spiritual and divine aspirations of the soul predominate, if there be that hungering and thirsting after the True and the Eternal, which is the legitimate craving of the spirit, its appropriate aliment shall, also, be administered to it. Truth it shall find. On truth it shall feed and grow strong and flourish; ever expanding, ever feasting, ever craving, ever supplied. For, He, who careth for the sparrows, will much more care for us; and the fire, which His own breath kindled, He will not suffer to expire.

It is, certainly, true, that in that phasis of the phenomenon in question, which has exclusive reference to the physical wants, there is, still, much that is valuable. Coxcombry is far from being the only thing it presents to us. It is indicative that much is known; that there is, really, much science extant. It is indicative of this, I say. For, that popular form, in which practical results are exhibited; and in which science is, doubtless, abundantly talked *about*, is far from presenting science itself. It bears much the same relation to science, that rays of light, which find their way through crevices into a dark place, bear to the sun; manifesting *themselves* and indicating *it*, through the humble and accidental agency of whatever dust happens to be floating; or, perhaps, it may be more justly represented, as the reflection of an object from innumerable, imperfect, wavy mirrors—presenting only parts and sections, and these monstrously distorted and blended together: or, more accurately still; if the

clear presentation of the essential principles of a science be said to have a unity, such as a painter of genius gives to his landscape, which he makes a whole in itself, with no apparent dependencies, or relations to any thing not contained in the picture ; the popular mode of presenting the same, would be like the work of the copyist, who gives us only a section, abruptly cut off on all sides from something else on which it depends, and without which it can have no appearance of unity.

The literary production of a time being given, the problem is easy, to determine the prevailing demand ; and, *vice versa*, the demand being given, it is easy to determine the literary production. For, the current literature is always adapted to supply the prevailing demand. Whether this holds good at the present time, we shall soon see. It requires no very studious observation to perceive, that the demand, at present, is not for instruction, but for something to induce the belief, that no instruction is needed ; not for the opening up of the deep fountains of truth, but for something to limit the thoughts to what lies, at the moment, under the eye ; not for the unfolding and strengthening of the higher powers, by their proper exercise, but for that, which, leaving them unemployed, will cause us to forget, that any such powers are in us, or, that within us, or without us, is any thing calling for their exercise. Nature is eviscerated ; and man too. There is no *inward* to either. Both, like some kinds of zoophytes, may be turned inside out and back again, without detriment or apparent change. The facility, for instance, with which the mysteries of the head and heart are disposed of, by a catalogue of faculties, and

a few cant phrases, about animal organism, would be laughable enough, were it not to sport over the profanation of the spiritual being of man !

The literary demand being such as I have specified above, the next inquiry is, How is it supplied? The wants and passions, which seek gratification and supply in science and literature, may be reduced to two—the Want of Instruction, and the Passion for Amusement. And, according to this division, literary production may be divided into three kinds. That the object of which is, 1st, Instruction ; 2d, Amusement ; and 3d, to combine in one, Instruction and Amusement.

Let us see how the first object is accomplished, in common discourse.

It is necessary to remark here, that just Discourse may be likened to a perfect organism ; and, that, like every other organic structure, it must have its developement, through a process of growth. There is, therefore, necessarily presupposed, a principle of Life. An organism cannot be produced without Life. The Life of Discourse, considered as organic, is Truth ; for, Truth is vital. It is scarcely necessary to say, that, in speaking of the Truth of Discourse, I do not refer to the veracity of individual statements. Every proposition may be true, and still the discourse not contain the Truth, in the higher and only legitimate sense. The argument may be conducted logically, and the premises may be true. But, the relation of these to each other, may be arbitrary ; and the whole entirely dependent on the purpose of the writer, both in its form and import. Here, no *principle*, one and necessary, runs through it, which, in itself, deter-

mines the form of its developement ; i. e. it is not organic. It is, in all respects, artificial, and it is an abuse of terms, to speak of its Truth. Truth is vital, and cannot be predicated of the artificial and arbitrary. Truth, most certainly, is never illogical ; but an artificial form of logic is not, necessarily, true. A living thing is vital in every part. Every member manifests it, as evidently as the whole organism. It is “entire in each, yet, comprehending all.”

But this syllogistic discourse—where would you look for its vitality, that is, for its Truth ? Why, in the premises.—If there be Truth there, it is supposed there may be Truth in the conclusion ; if there be Life there, Life in the conclusion. Here, the Truth and the Life are inferred, not perceived ; imagined, not felt ; depending, too, on conditions, which are themselves questionable,—they may be true, and they may be false. So, then, the very possibility of its Truth is contingent. It is, therefore, destitute of any guiding principle, and, of course, essentially lifeless. For, in living things, the principle to be developed is not contingent ; the contingency pertains only to the actual development. If it is developed at all, its form is predetermined ; and that, not by accident, nor by will, but by a necessity of its nature ; by the law of its kind. The form, then, of its development is not contingent, but only the fact, whether it shall be developed at all, or not. Thus it is, also, in Discourse, if it contain any thing vital, any thing that will satisfy the soul, or minister strength and light to the mind. It will spring up out of some central and pervading principle ; and, if the necessary materials be submitted to its action, it will

form for itself a body and a dress, such as shall truly represent its character, and its import.

I am now ready to examine that kind of discourse, whose professed aim is to instruct, and which I shall suppose to be addressed to that numerous class, that I have already mentioned, as seeking instruction, either because it is fashionable to do so; or, because they are afraid of being left in the rear, in the rapid 'progress of the species,' of which they hear so much; or, out of reverence for the 'traditions of the elders;' inclined thereto, also, by a sense of want, more or less distinct. The greater the show of learning, and the formality of knowledge exhibited, the better. The lecturer will be listened to with small hope, but great impatience, on any other condition. Of course, he must talk in syllogisms. He lays down some proposition, in which he or his audience are, in some way, interested; or, it may be, at random, something on which discourse may be founded. He begins to look about him for means to establish it. He endeavors to plant himself on some ground which will gain assent, and on which he can build an argument, to sustain the proposition with which he commenced. Let us see what his condition now is. He has his ground, and his conclusion is before him. The question now is, how he is to arrive at it. He must, in some way, fill up the vacancy that yawns, so threateningly, between his premiss and conclusion, to save the necessity of leaping the chasm.

Precisely here, lies the 'lion in the way,' to our logician. Here, he must bestir himself to get somewhat wherewith to build him up a middle ground. He must find his

stepping-stones ; and, ten to one, he will be obliged, tacitly, to shift his original position, before he can get his relations so constituted, as to make his bridge, at all constructible. But, allow his positions to be finally determined, and the chasm filled with—no matter what—good solid mason-work, wood, hay or stubble ; and he steps in triumph to his conclusion.

Now, to what does all this amount ? His conclusion may be true, or it may be false ; but, in either case, independent of the argument which he has constructed with so much labor ; for it was, already, a forgone conclusion. The necessary connexion and dependence ; the unity and vital organism of just discourse—there is nothing of these here. It is perfectly idle and unmeaning, and can answer no other purpose, either by way of profit or amusement, unless, perhaps, to furnish grown-up men the recreation which children find in building baby-houses.

Discourse of this kind, in its highest forms cannot, so much, be said to be the Truth, or, to contain within itself the Truth, as to be an instrument, with which it may be sought after. The Truth is contemplated, as lying at the goal ; and, that, the path, in which we must run, to win it. But this is not Discourse, nor the object of Discourse. It is the process of a mind in doubt ; the groping of a mind in darkness ; or, at best, the systematic searching of a mind inquisitive. This process must precede Discourse, inasmuch as Discourse is not the inquisition after Truth, but the setting forth of Truth when found. The investigation is supposed to have been accomplished ; and it only remains, that the Truth be held

up before us, in all its beautiful proportions; with its perfect symmetry, unity and lineaments of light; a living, breathing organism, clothed with freshness and beauty, and speaking to the heart, like the gentle tones of friendship.

We have said, that the object of this species of Discourse is, to instruct; but, that this is its tendency, we have not said, and scarcely need take the pains to deny. For, what is it? Propositions strung together, or, more truly, stuck together, by the ever ready cement of 'buts,' 'ands,' and 'therefores;'—for, it would be difficult to find a continuity sufficient to constitute the thread, on which to string them;—stuck together by rule, (for this is all they claim,) as a carpenter builds a house—requiring, however, not the half of his knowledge, or the tithe of his skill. But the carpenter is the actual model; for, like him, the discourser cuts and fits his timber, according to rules, the grounds of which it concerns not him to understand, with little labor, beyond that of hacking and hewing,—materials being ever ready at his hands; for, the world is full of books, as the forest is of trees, and the market of lumber. And this is done to instruct us; to build us up inwardly—to administer food to our intellect; to nourish our souls; to kindle the imagination, and awaken, to energetic action, the living, but slumbering world within. But, alas! this inner world cannot be kindled, like a smouldering fire, by a basket of chips and a puff of wind! This inner world is a world of spirits, which feed on thoughts, full of Truth and living energy. And thought, alone, can kindle thought; and Truth, alone, can waken Truth,—not veracity, not fact, but Truth vital;

“——— Truth that wakes,
To perish never.” *

This is the bread for which the soul is pining, and such are the husks, with which its calls are answered. And how are they received? For the most part, as the very staff of intellectual life. The purveyors of such fare are regarded as giants on the earth; or, even, as gods come down in the likeness of men.† Though this at first seems strange; though we wonder that the difference between an egg and a stone, is not more readily perceived, at second thought, our wonder is at an end; for, lo! the learning, the art, the logic, the parade! The pretension is too high, and on too lofty themes, for vulgar censure. On the contrary, it calls forth applause,—loud and long continued.

Thus, men will hear with applause, those loud sounds, which “reverb hollowness.”‡ And yet, men do always hear and heed the true earnest word, which comes up fresh and living from the depths of the human spirit. And herein is no contradiction. From both is sought the supply of a vital want. “But this is heavenly, that an empty dream.”|| The vociferous applause with which the one is received, is but the spontaneous resource, of the foolish heart, to stifle the pang of disappointment. But, when the deep wants of the soul are made known, by the spirit’s deep earnest voice—telling of wants in the foundations of humanity—strugglings and longings and unrest, neither wind, nor words, nor thunders shall put it to silence. But, supply its wants;—give it its food; utter the truths for which it hungers, and there shall come

* Wordsworth. † Acts 14, 11. ‡ King Lear. || Paradise Lost, VII. 39.

over it a breathing calm; a silent-working, even-moving power shall live in it,—invincible, sublime, like the movement of a Universe, with its harmonious, spherul music—not unheard of angels! But, look not for applause. Thou shalt behold deeds. Applause is shallow and loud. It is an echo. It comes not from the heart. It is thrown off from the surface. It is the salute, the “lo! here am I,” of vanity and conceitedness. It is not the response, given from the depths of the infinite heart, to the infinite and eternal truth, which asks to come into it, and abide with it, and live in it, and work in it. It is the clamorous welcome which ignorance and wretchedness give to the muttered charm, that persuades them they are wise, and rich, and increased with goods, and in need of nothing.*

He, that seeketh, findeth; and finds, too, what he seeks, whether it be fuel for foolish vanity, or food for the immortal spirit. No wonder, then, that the babbling quack, in the semblance of ‘beautiful Apollo,’ floats heavenward, through specific lightness, on the breath of popular applause; for he has taught folly and cowardice, the words of wisdom and valor; or, hath clothed them, like the ancient Grecian dames, in Minerva’s panoply, with her helmet and gorgon-shield, and *omitted* the suggestion of the owl, that a trifle was yet wanting—a Pallas Athene within.†

But, men do not continue, always, in this mistake. They successively pass out—and others occupy their place, to run the same idle round. For, at length, human instinct interposes, and leads them, in their lack of

* Rev. III, 17.

† Herder’s Paramythien.

knowledge. However highly applauded, and with however high hopes regarded, time forces upon them the conviction, that, for them, this dainty fare is entirely innutritious. Not doubting in the least its profound wisdom, they modestly suppose, that, being *infants* in knowledge, this is that strong meat, which they have neither teeth to masticate, nor vigor to digest. They leave the sage to the undisturbed privacy of his own meditations; to feast his own soul upon the syllogisms he had prepared, for the nourishment of his feeblers brethren. But, he soon finds it bread, which it is, by no means, pleasant to eat in secret. Truly, he findeth it not good to 'eat his morsel alone.' He striveth in his heart to devise some finery, with which to clothe the nakedness of his logic, and render it attractive. Fancy, saith he to himself, Fancy, as they call her, I have seen the adored goddess of admiring multitudes. I will bethink me, how I may call in her aid, and dress my discourse in her drapery. Spirit of Flaccus, listen!

Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*

For, roses are really beginning to spring up among the chips of the logic he is chopping; there is song of birds in the naked branches of the lifeless trees, and there seem to sigh soft breezes through them, till their dead twigs rattle again.

This sounds, I know, like caricature. But it is not such. I wish it were. But, bethink you. Is it not *so*? Every body is, or ought to be, charmed with the glow and freshness of the imagery, which accompanies the ex-

* Ep. ad Pisones.

pression of deep and heart-felt truths ; but, the many are even more delighted with their imitations or counterfeits, on account of their greater profusion. It is, to them, a wilderness of charms. Can it be possible, then, that such counterfeits should not abound, and superabound? An artificial rose, to the many, is as beautiful, and far more wonderful, than one that is living on the tree. It would be strange, indeed, if wants and tastes of this description should not be gratified, when it can be done so cheaply. They *are* gratified. They have always been, and will always be. The imposture would be, perhaps, too gross, if the flowers were flung together without the semblance of a bush, on which to hang them ; and, consequently, discourse of this kind holds out the pretence of a subject which it would treat, or an argument it would conduct. This is enough. It constitutes a kind of centre, around which the writer can revolve ; and to which, from the excursions of his fancy, he can return, as to a home, and deposite the collections he has made. And, from this, we are expected to derive pleasure. Our sense of beauty, our taste is here to find gratification ! Charming indeed ! It is like a tree covered, *all over*, with flowers, from the great yellow sun-flower, that stares all day at the sun, to the violet that hides beneath its shadow.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ? *

In comparison with this gorgeous tree, how insignificant were the modest rose-bush nature made, with its slender stalks and graceful branches, covered with beautiful green leaves, with, here and there, a full blown rose, blushing as if at its own conspicuousness, whilst the coy, half-

* Ep. ad Pisones, l. 5.

opening buds are hiding beneath the leaves. This simple, and necessary up-springing, and unfolding of nature, with its true and modest beauty, is put quite in the shade, whilst such unchaste tawdriness is set up, and *received*, as the idol of vulgar worship !

This is the second species of discourse, whose object is to *amuse* and *please*. And successful enough it is, for a time. But, it soon arrives at its highest flow. The applause, with which it is at first received, soon dies away. That stern regulator, the absolute want of our intellectual and spiritual soul, soon rectifies the taste, and teaches us that pleasure lies, only, in the life-giving and true ; and, that artificial rainbows, made to order, at so much per yard, are, in the end, as little calculated to please the eye, as painted rain-drops to slake the thirst.

And, in this lives an abiding ground of hope, and cheerful confidence. For, it teaches us, that every human heart has those depths, and living powers in it, the healthful action of which is the true life and well-being of the soul. And, in none, we hope, are they for ever dorman ; and no heart, we hope, is wholly closed. Light, though in rays feeble and scattered, may shine in upon it, and it shall awake, for, ‘it is not dead, but sleepeth.’* Then, what though *ignes fatui* innumerable shine and mislead ; there is, still, within, the “true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world ;”† and true light, more or less, is shining from without ; and hearts are open ; and the light shall quicken them ; and, though for a time deceived, they shall at last be undeceived ; and this tribulation shall have wrought in them

* Matth. ix, 24.

† John i. 9.

‡ Rom. v. 4.

experience; ‡ and this experience new hope; and the hope boldness and courage; and to courage all doors are open, and all ways plain. Deception and vain labor are portions of the lot of all men. Passion grows strong and prevails, and takes to itself the name of reason; and clamor and noise and chaotic confusion arise, out of which shall come order, and quietness and even-flowing, energetic life. The feeling of wants, that lie deeper and farther inward than the sensual appetites, must be supplied, or suppressed; and hence arise a struggle and conflict between the antagonist principles of our being. Firm peace, and healthful, quiet energy of soul, is the fruit of victory, and of victory only. Therefore, though attended with "a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes;" the contest, with its hubbub and vain clamor, is the door to quietness and clear intelligence. Pedantry and pretension; quackery and imposture, shall, in spite of themselves, conduct to their own exposure and extinction. For, a higher sway than ours guides all affairs, causing even the wrath of man to praise Him; and making folly itself, the guide to wisdom!

Hooker characterized his own times as "full of tongue and weak of brain;" * and Luther said, to the same effect, of the preachers and scholars of his day: "If they were not permitted to prate and chatter about it, they would burst with the greatness of their art and science, so hot and eager are they to teach." † But the noise and dust having subsided, there is left us, of those very times, works which men will not "willingly let die." Noise and smoke causeless do not come. There is a

* Coleridge's Lit. Bio., chap. ix. † Krummacher's Flying Roll.

force, at bottom, which will, ultimately, work itself clear, and produce good and substantial fruits. There is force somewhere, or no foam and dust would rise ; but, there is little force in the foam and dust themselves. And the immediate instruments are *only* instruments, working without knowing what they do ; like puppets dancing and swinging their arms, while far behind resides the force that works the wires. All wonder bestowed upon *them* is most certainly foolish wonder. But, there is no ground for discouragement, or for any but good hopes, although ignorance and pretension stand in high places, and vainly babble concerning things beautiful and profound. This uproar comes, only, from the troubling of the stream ; the foam and roar will not continue always ; the smooth plain lies below, along which it shall soon flow, quietly but strongly, murmuring sweet music. And, for the ambitious rainbows, painted in the mists above, there shall be the sweet reflection of earth and heaven from its calm bosom.

But, there is a species of Discourse, on scientific subjects, of a higher order than those I have considered, which it would be unjust to pass unnoticed. It is the process of what is called *demonstration* ; where the result of the demonstration is supposed to be true, not only for the reasons given, but *per se*, independently of any reasons given—a truth of the *pure reason*. Although the proposition is true in itself, and may be seen to be so ; nevertheless, the purposes of science require that it should be demonstrated. This, in ordinary cases, and, perhaps, in every case, may be accomplished in a variety

of ways, and all perfectly conclusive. It is obvious, then, that no one of these modes is a necessary mode; for, either of the others might have been pursued, with precisely the same result.

Let the proposition, for the sake of illustration, be one of Geometry. Suppose that I adopt some one of the methods, and go through with the demonstration before you. You would say that the proposition was true; but, it would be so, to your minds, in the light of my argument, not from any necessity in the terms of the proposition itself. When you are thinking of the truth of the proposition, on *what* are your minds occupied? Is it not on the steps of my demonstration? The truth of the proposition, then, resolves itself into the correctness of the process by which it is proved. Now, let me take another process, equally intelligible, and arrive at the same result. You see it is correct, and say, as before, "The proposition is true." When you contemplate the truth of the proposition *now*, you think of the *argument* as before; but the argument is not the same as before; then your notion of the truth of the proposition is not the same as before. Its truth, however, is, doubtless, the same as before, and your notion of it, *then*, and *now*, very inadequate. After a few processes of this kind, you would be convinced that the Truth, which, at the first trial, you supposed you had found, is still at the bottom of the well; and your demonstrations have only proved that it was really there, but afford you little aid in drawing it up. You would be convinced of the correctness of the statement, I have already made, that every proposition may be true, and the conclusion true, and, still, the Dis-

course not contain the Truth. The truth of a proposition, then, is not *shown* by what is called its demonstration. It is only inferred. It is not comprehended and seen as by an *intuition*. It is not presented to us in the light and unity of an *Idea*.

The advantage of this kind of Discourse, to audiences or to individuals ordinarily, I am persuaded, is over-estimated; even in those rare cases, where the steps of the process are followed. For, the spirit and power of the matter is not apprehended. A lifeless form is substituted and mistaken for it; and, therefore, the only good which it can confer upon the mind is utterly lost.

Science, certainly, is good. No one will understand me as questioning that. But good for what?—a question to which the bustle of these boastful days contains no answer. Vague notions of mastery over nature, it does indeed contain; and these, for the most part, like that of mastery over a horse; breaking her in, as it were, making her work for us;—thus saving us hand-labor. But, that the conquest of man over nature is *knowing* nature, enters not into its thoughts. Sciences are but steps and doors to insight into nature. Steps are good for nothing in themselves. Their value is in helping us up to something *above* themselves. Doors are good for nothing but to open up a passage for us to something *beyond*. We must climb above the former, and go through the latter, leaving them both *behind*. They are a kind of *transparency*, through which beam forth, upon our vision, glimpses of the glory of an unseen world; or, rather, they are the alphabet of the language in which men may

write out the import and meaning of the world's phenomena; the splendid, illuminated capitals into which we translate the great Book of Nature; brilliant and dazzling to many an eye, but rightly read by few.

But, what avails the Alphabet, though in letters of light and gold, if we know not how to read them? if we are ignorant, not only of the language of which they are the symbols, but even that they are the symbols of any language at all? Yet, to how many, is it the farthest reach of insight, and the limit of their thoughts, to construct, with all their accidental curves and flourishes, these symbols, and give them names; converting them, in this way, into childish toys, with no other use or result, than to add new plumes to the cap of vanity!

The question still recurs, what, then, is science good for? what, besides its merely temporal and material ends? Its uses for the body are manifest enough. Has it uses, also, for the mind? If so, what are they? I have already said that sciences are but steps and doors to insight into nature. Through them it is we are to arrive at the secret of her inner life, and hold communion with her spirit. But, wherein is such insight and communion needful for man? the question of questions here, while we are discussing, for a moment, the *cui bono* of science.

The end and duty of man is, doubtless, the full development of his powers, and the perfection of his being. And all the powers of man are to be developed by exercise, if developed at all. The powers of cognition are to be developed by knowing. And an ample field has been prepared for us, by our infinitely wise and good Father, in which to exercise these powers, and all our powers.

He has spread out above us and around us the wondrous and beautiful world, and the first voice of God that fell upon the ear of new-created man, contained the command, "Subdue it, and have dominion over every living thing that moveth in it."* This we are to do by knowing it. And, in order to know it, we must in a manner identify ourselves with it. And there is no external power, which has not within the soul of man its correlative. And there is nothing within us, no power, no faculty, which does not find and develop itself by something without us. So that the mind is adapted to the external world, and the external world is adapted to the mind. Thus, in order *fully* to develop mind, in order *fully* to develop man, the laws and powers of the outer world must *all* be understood. We must know the agency which is at work, and the laws by which it works, in the shaping of a crystal; the forming of a rain-drop, or a planet; in the organization of vegetable and animal forms;—*all* the phenomena of Nature must be contemplated in the light of the Idea which they are formed to realize; in the light of the law by which that Idea is developed. All these laws, all these Ideas are for the mind, and must be *in* the mind and *of* the mind. They must be *ours*. They must be identified with us. For, does not every fundamental principle, does not every absolute truth, the moment it is apprehended by any mind, become, for that mind, a necessary truth?—a truth of reason?—Can we distinguish it from our self-consciousness? When we speak of our mind, is not this included?—is not all, we are truly said to know, included? If so, it

*Genesis i. 28.

helps to constitute our developed mind ; and thus becomes a part of our conscious self.

The metaphor cannot be misunderstood, when we call the development of mind and heart a growth. This is the usual metaphor. We often speak of growth in knowledge, of growth in wisdom. But what is implied in growth? *First*, a vital principle, including the idea of a power; *second*, the object on which this vital power is to act; and *third*, the process of appropriation and assimilation. But, what is the aliment by which the mind grows? Evidently, truth,—appropriated and assimilated by knowing it. But what is knowing? When may we properly be said to know? We cannot, for example, be said to know a *tree*, though we may have taken its dimensions, counted its limbs, and leaves, and roots, or determined its class, order and genus. We must discover its law of growth; that, whereby lifeless, inert matter assumed such and such forms, and in such proportions. Then we may be said to know the tree, or to understand the tree.

Thus, the apprehension of first principles is the food of the mind; by these the mind grows. But if it grows by means of these, they must be assimilated and made part of itself. The world then, and all there is in it, regarded not in their phenomena, but in their fundamental principles, must be *of* us and *in* us; must constitute a part of our conscious self. The proposition will be understood then, when I say that in order to subdue this material world, and become fully developed men, the world must be *in* us and *of* us; we must become ourselves a world; i. e. there must be consciously within us

those grand ideas, the realization of which the external world is designed to exhibit.

Indeed, man is a microcosm—a little world. And this little world of man exhibits, to the eye that explores it, the same phenomena as the great world. It has its steady, unchangeable, and eternal laws. It has its sun, and its stars, and even its moon; its sunshine and its clouds; its gentle breezes, its tempests, its whirlwinds and its calms. It has its meteoric flashes, and offers, at times, glimpses of the agency of a Power, far, far beyond its sphere, mysterious, inscrutable and fearful, which bids the still soul listen and worship and adore! For, it is the soul of man alone that unto man revealeth God. In the Image of God created He him; and only by finding out the true man within can we find that Image; thus, only, can we know God. We may seek Him in the whirlwind, but we shall not find Him, unless by an inward light; we may find power and grandeur and mystery, but it is not He. The light from His own Image, within us, must fall upon it, and be reflected from it to our own soul again, or we shall not find Him. We may seek Him in the sunshine, and there we may find excellence and glory, but we shall not find the Excellent Glory, we shall not find Him, unless the light itself be illuminated by the Light from within. We may seek Him in the Laws of Nature, and there we may find order and beauty, but it is not He, unless the divine breath with which He has inspired us be by us imbreathed into them. We must find Him in ourselves, and then we shall find Him every where; for, verily, “He is not far from every one of us.” *

* Acts xvii. 27.

To this self-development, and consequent communion with Nature, and, if we will, with the God of Nature, science is, in its own sphere and degree, instrumental. *Through* science we may arrive at it, but we cannot find it *in* science. *In* science, is found only that which puffeth up, that which vaunteth itself—display and noise and wind enough. *Through* science, but *beyond* it, is found that which buildeth up, yet humbleth,—Life and Power; Truth and Love;* divine Music and Beauty. For the sake of these science is good, and shall always be mentioned with honor. For, it is through communion with these, that the man comes round again, full circle, to the joyous innocency of his childhood; to the love and wonder and unquestioning faith with which he reposed in the bosom of Nature, and all was well with him, though he knew it not.

In its agency, or rather *instrumentality*, in thus bringing us home again into Nature's bosom, lies the true value of science; this alone gives it an interest and value for the soul, and unites it with the heart, bringing back to us,

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by low stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms or wat'ry depths.”†

But, when science brings us back to this innocent, child-like joyousness, this trustful faith and communion, it is on very different grounds, and with very different insight. Then, we approached her from without, charmed with

* 1 Cor. viii. 1. † Schiller's *Picco*, Act II. Scene 4.

her divine beauty and freshness; breathed upon by her sweet influences, passively and unconsciously. The Life and Love, she seemed to exhibit, were all of our imparting. We had given her our own Life. The fulness of our joy of heart, in our self-forgetfulness, we attributed to her. The ten thousand sounds which came in upon us,—the music of birds, the murmur of streams, the roar of woods and the voice of men and children,—were but the utterances of her ten thousand tongues, through which flowed out from the heart of Nature, the Joy and Love and Gladness which our own fulness had imparted to her.

Science introduces us to her through a very different door. We are made acquainted with her inner life, with her deep-working powers. We commune with her very heart. And, from these depths, we come out upon the visible glories which had formerly charmed us, through an external approach. We accompany her, as it were, in her growth, and witness her developments, united to her through the two-fold bond of Love and Intelligence. Here the cycle is completed. We began with wonder and unconscious sympathy. Familiarity produced indifference,

And *custom* lay upon us with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.*

The green earth and the blue heavens excite in us a thrill no longer. The spontaneous feeling and impulse are despised, because they are no longer felt. We turn our backs upon Nature; we exalt and deify science: become proud and contemptuous and wretched. But we

* Wordsworth.

find science, at last, a dead and artificial thing, at best but a toy or a tool. And Nature, in some favorable moment, begins to win her way back into the heart, kind benignant Mother !

Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.*

The truth begins to dawn upon us, that science is but a symbolic language through which to converse with the Power and Life of Nature. A new life and meaning present themselves to us, in all her phenomena. We go back to her bosom with renewed love and humility; converse with her again with a deeper sympathy. She speaks to us now in an intelligible language; again she breathes on us with sweet influences; she becomes to us a friend, a counsellor, a teacher, presenting us

“———— books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.”†

Such does Nature become, to one whom science has introduced to her secrets. But, more of truth is revealed to the simple, untaught lover of Nature, in her common phenomena, as they fall upon the open unsophisticated sense, than was ever found in science by those who *rest in it*, and go not beyond it; i. e. by those who seek it in the dead formulas of books, instead of bringing themselves in contact with the living thing itself; who read descriptions of its power and workings, but never feel them. It is one thing to employ science as the record and expression of the powers of Nature, and their mode of working; it is quite another to take that record for those powers themselves. It is one thing to perceive the

* Hor. Epist. Lib. 1, 9. † Love's Labor Lost.

coherency of statements and reasonings in a book, and quite another to have an insight into the unity of life and working of the manifold powers to which those reasonings have reference. One man constructs science, as the record of what he has himself seen and felt, of the eternal deep-working powers; another takes this record, not as his guide to the same insight, but as containing those same eternal powers themselves. And these are very different men! The one is an humble, powerful spirit communing with the inmost heart of Nature, breathed on and invigorated by her life-giving breath, and fed with living bread by her unfailing bounty; the other, a needy mortal, weak and proud, having no communion but with the phantoms of his own hungry fancy. A mere empty frame work—a dead formula, is all that offers itself to him to satisfy the cravings of his heart, and his only medium of intercourse with the Life of Nature or the Hearts of men.

A good and valued *instrument* is science to him, who, by means of it, has humbly and lovingly penetrated to the centre, and seen things by the light which beams from thence. Heaven, Earth and his own Heart beat together in harmonious tri-union!* and, to his fiery feelings, fiery words give utterance, communicating life and warmth to kindred hearts. And wide and numerous is this family of kindred hearts. Such utterances bring us to know this brotherhood. For by pouring in upon the heart the truth and the light warm-gushing from the heart, the powers and longings of that heart are awakened; the presence of the thing it needs stimulates it to

* Richter.

make the appropriation, and to seek, earnestly and humbly, for more, and yet more of that, which it has found to be its bread of Life.

The truths to which science leads, being thus apprehended, thus presented, and thus welcomed, shall not call forth vociferous applause. Earnest, sincere, and quiet must the heart be to listen to such teaching; so must it be to heed and understand it; and so will it be in its consequent growth and development,—healthful, irrepressible, silent, like the growth of the spring-time;—like it beautiful and joyous;—like it, too, productive of foodful fruitage. In this there is nothing to attract the noisy, busy multitude. The very soul of Beauty, Truth and Power may utter itself with its unobtrusive, harmonious speech, and they be unwitting that aught has broken the silence. But let some Salmoneus, rivalling Jove, make thunder, then Noise has apotheosis, and all ears are open!

It is a saying of Milton, that “he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem,” that is, as he himself explains, “a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men and famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy.” It is worse than vain to look without, to find the Truth, or the means of exhibiting it. The man must first have become filled with his subject. It must have its most complete form and development in him. The moment he begins to speak of any thing more than what

he is, his words, with however much gravity pronounced, and in allusion to subjects however elevated, will be equally vague and unmeaning, to himself, and his auditors. That, alone, will actually instruct and permanently please, which has, in itself, actual Truth and permanent, essential Beauty. The collections of images and figures from without, which are often, with more or less ingenuity, worked up into a semblance of Discourse, however much, for a time, they may make the "vain admire and the vacant stare," will soon lose their charm. On the other hand, Discourse which is the out-speaking of a full mind and a full heart, with a living freshness and an adorning of flowers, the necessary products of its own vitality, and the sure promise of succeeding fruits, although it dazzle less the outer eye, will strike home to the heart, and find a lodgement there; and will furnish an object on which the mind's eye will love to dwell, and will never tire,—even as we could gaze forever with still increased delight upon the vernal freshness of the trees, or the summer glory of the flowers.

It is obvious, then,—and certainly most delightful to contemplate,—what that Discourse must be, that will both please and instruct the people. The ample store house of materials which Nature and Man furnish can avail little if the vital principle be wanting. What profit the rich soil and the genial season, if the seed be not hidden in the bosom of the Earth? There must be an antecedent principle of vitality; i. e. the idea of the thing to be spoken must be in the mind complete and clear. To give expression and form to this Idea is, or ought to be, the end for which we employ words, illus-

trations, facts ; or, rather, it is for its own development, that this *quick* Idea takes to itself words, as it were wings, and on these nimble, airy pinions flies forth spirit-like every way at once, seeking what sincere, prepared heart it may enter, and beget in it, also, light and life.

Certain it is *materials* are not the only thing needful,—an arranging, methodizing *idea*—a *vital principle* is also requisite. All the processes which precede and accompany growth must be passed through. Discourse cannot be built up, as a carpenter builds a barn, with an oaken post here and a pine one there, such as they grew in the forest. It would be better symbolized by the pine itself, before it was torn from its native hills, which, although it had grown up out of the ruins of a thousand various substances, yet, partakes, in itself, of the nature of none of them ; it takes them up into itself, and, far from conforming to any quality of theirs, remoulds and almost recreates them into its own pre-determined substance, with its own stately form, and perennial, tufted foliage.

Besides, to Discourse, so constituted, flowers and imagery are not appendages, but constituent parts. They grow *out of it* ; they are not *put on*. They furnish unequivocal evidence of its genuineness, and are always the harbingers of substantial fruits and the pledge of perpetuity. When thus spontaneous, how lovely they are ; some in full bloom ; others but just peeping shyly from the bud ; while some are dropping their faded petals, one by one, from around the expanding fruit. How unsuitable it were to pluck a lily from the meadow, or a rose from the garden to give additional ornament ; nay, let

each hang on its own stalk and be the glory of its own kind!

Figures and imagery thus used are not illustrations, merely, but manifestations. They do not give obscure *notions* of the thing, but show up the thing itself. They are not the mere *indications* of life and truth in the discourse, but have life and truth in themselves. They are, as I have said, not appendages, but parts. Discourse thus constructed is indeed—what it ought to be—a *perfect organism*, to repeat the figure—like a flourishing tree, with its roots, trunk and vital sap; its branches, green leaves, flowers and fruit.

I have done what I proposed. I have exposed the nature of the literary demand of the day, and the character of the production, which is offered as its supply. I have also shown what are the true wants of the spirit, and what is requisite to meet and satisfy these wants,—thus presenting before you the data necessary to the solution of the problem proposed, viz :—To determine the *import* and *value* of the phenomenon which has been the subject of discourse. I cheerfully grant that much of good and best has made its appearance in these days, even under the form of ‘lectures.’ But such are by no means peculiar to these times, and constitute no part of the phenomenon in question.

I have dwelt on this subject the longer, and have spoken the more freely, because it is to you, Gentlemen of the Literary Societies, that such truths are appropriately presented. If not on this occasion, and before this audience, *where* shall they be uttered? It is well

for us all, as early as possible, to understand that the life of the scholar, at this day, may not be spent peacefully, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies;"* but that duty imperiously calls us forth to arduous labor in a rough field. And you see plainly there is wanted a power of truth and learning and eloquence, to break up the present shadowy, but pretentious foundations, on which men are building, or dream of building, and to lay others grounded in Reason and Truth. This is the work that presents itself to our hands,—formidable, certainly! But remember the power of Truth—vital Truth, clearly perceived—how it stirs the soul, giving the life and breath to that "resistless eloquence, wielding at will the fierce democra^tie;"† and remember too, thou earnest scholar,—for I hope I am addressing many such,—how progressive and expansive is thought,—how it works and grows in the mind, until it bursts out and shows itself in some burning word or everlasting deed; for an act is but the expression of a thought, an expression far more emphatic and more intelligible than that of words. Only from the depths of the earnest, thoughtful spirit come forth such words and deeds. For eloquence is like the breezy forest, obvious, beautiful and strong; and, like it, needs the dark stillness of an inner life and warmth to send it forth. The seed germinates in silence and darkness, and fastens there its roots, that the beautiful wavy top may be supported and fed. Says Goethe, "If you do not feel it, you will not get it by hunting for it,—if it does not gush from the soul and subdue the hearts of all hearers with original

* Milton's Prose Works.

† Paradise Regained.

delight. Sit at it forever, glue together, cook up a hash from another's feast, and blow your own little heap of ashes to a paltry flame,—you may gain the admiration of children and apes, if you have a taste for it; but you will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not flow fresh from your own.”*

But a tempest in a puddle seems, to the insect on its surface, a fearful thing, while it feels not and wots not of the great earth-movement, that leaves its puddle relatively unmoved. It is the irregular, the accidental, the superficial, that urges itself upon the notice. It is this that receives attention and is wondered at. It is this that constitutes the vulgar notion of the powerful and sublime. The gray old sea is heaving continually, and moving in her bed, but it is the commotion made by transient winds, on some small area of its surface, that is perceived. So the powers that move the depths of the human spirit, work silent and unnoticed by the common eye, while these chance gusts, that move a ripple on the surface, dying away with the accident that raised it, are contemplated with wonder.

I know a clergyman who is said by short sighted people ‘never to have done any good,’ because a prescribed set of results have not immediately followed his labors; though it is true that he has uniformly and constantly impressed upon the hearts of men, those central and pervading truths, which work silently but powerfully, confirming and conforming, until the whole aspect and tone of society, in the manner of ‘Nature’s gradual processes,’ have undergone a progressive change;

* Hayward’s Faust.

“first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”* Would there were more such! But multitudes there are—would they were fewer—who, being themselves in a continual effervescence, keep a perpetual tempest around them, disturbing the surface vastly, but leaving the depths unmoved; “and to these men all give heed, from the least unto the greatest,” saying, as of Simon the sorcerer aforetime, “These men are the great power of God.”†

People must be addressed in a language to them intelligible, certainly; nevertheless, they do not know the relations of the things, which they are made to perceive, to each other and to the truth, nor can they be taught them, except by him who has been at the centre, and seen how things look there. Their true teacher will not speak as if in the centre, for that were unintelligible, but as if on the surface, to those who *see* and *are* on the surface, but he will throw upon it the light which beams up from the centre, reflected from his own understanding. The light which beams from the centre immediately, is too dazzling for the common vision, and would but destroy the eye which it was intended to illuminate. Like the sun-light, it must be thrown upon the common, obvious objects that surround, and thence reflected to the eye. Discourse not then to the people of the root, but show them the tree. Talk not to them of a central light, but show them living things, which that light animates, reveals and warms, and

* Mark iv. 28.

† Acts viii. 10.

they will surely acknowledge them, and be taught and strengthened.

If it were suitable for me to counsel you, I might say to you in the words of Goethe, "Keep the true object steadily in view. Be no tinkling fools. Reason and good sense are expressed with little art. And when you are seriously intent on saying something, is it necessary to hunt for words?"* But, I know, too well, the spirit of the instruction you have received, and the powers that yet live in the midst of you, to think any such counsel needful. And, besides, the memory of that great, good man† who has been taken from us in the midst of his days, will live perpetually in our hearts. Though too high and too sacred for our emulation, his example shall still shed its mild light upon our pathway, and its genial warmth upon our hearts. It is true, and I would not have it otherwise, that a sense of sorrow and desolation comes over us, and seems to pervade all these familiar scenes, which but yesterday smiled in the mild radiance of his greatness, and we almost chide our hearts, that they do not also cease to beat, when the great, the good, the loved and honored has departed. But yet, we know he is not dead. He lives and works in a thousand grateful hearts;

"————— his living words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear."—SHAK.

And I know not how to take leave of you, now, without expressing the sincerest wish of my heart, that we

* Faust.

† Prof. Marsh.

who have known and loved him may be bound more closely to each other in the affection with which we cherish his memory ; and find our hearts mutually strengthened in the assiduity with which we strive to imitate his example and be actuated by his spirit.

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